

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1866.

NUMBER 36

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN S. WILKES,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties. Can be found
At the Office of Brown & McCallum, aug. 12-6m.

JOHN G. WHITSON,
Attorney at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
WILL practice in Giles and the adjoining Counties, and in the Supreme Court at Nashville. Strict attention given to all collections entrusted to him. OFFICE—May's Old Corner—Up stairs. July 27-ly

WILSON, CARTER & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS,
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Groceries & Plantation Supplies,
No. 194 MAIN STREET,
Corner Washington, [June 1] MEMPHIS, TENN.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
Corner Cedar and Cherry Streets,
Nashville, Tennessee,
J. G. FULGHUM, Proprietor,
Formerly of 23 North Summer St.,
J. G. WILSON, Clerk.
This Hotel has been lately refitted and newly furnished. The proprietor desires a liberal patronage of the traveling public. (may 18-6m)

SOLON E. ROSE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Office in the South-west Corner of the Court House,
WILL PRACTICE
In the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties, [Feb 8]

AMOS R. RICHARDSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.
Office in the Court House. Jan 19-6f

P. G. STIVER PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will Practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.
OFFICE
In North end of the Tennessee House, west side of the public square. Jan 12-6f

BROWN & McCALLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker & Brown. Jan 5, 6f

RUTLEDGE & REED,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
WILL practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall, W. Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention given to the collection of claims. Office on corner Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 5, 6f

LEON GODFREY,
Watch Maker & Jeweller,
PULASKI, TENN.
ALL kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.
Shop at Mason & Ewell's Store, [Feb 16-6f]

M. D. Le MOINE,
ARCHITECT,
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
P. O. Box 875. [Jan 1 1866-6m]

Ezell & Edmundson,
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted
STOCK OF GOODS,
Embracing a great variety,
ALL of which they offer at low prices—especially their elegant stock of
Ready Made Clothing.
All kinds of Hatter, all kinds of money, premium and discount, taken at their market value.
Jan 8-6f

DR. J. F. GRANT, DR. G. C. ABERNATHY,
MEDICAL CARD.
DRS. GRANT & ABERNATHY,
Pulaski, Tenn.
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their services to the people of Giles and the adjoining counties; and hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
Special Attention Given to Surgery.
Having had ample experience in the Army during the war, and being supplied with all the appliances necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases entrusted to their care.
Office near South-west Corner Public Square. Jan 8-6m

ALEX. DOCKER, CAL. BOOKER,
TONSorial.
ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the Tonsorial, invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the idle of Pulaski, to call on them at their new
BARBER'S SALOON,
North side Public square, at the striped pole.

L. W. McCORD,
Book and Job Printer,
CITIZEN OFFICE,
SOUTH-EAST CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE—UP STAIRS,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
C All required for all Job-work. No Job can be taken from the office until paid for.

BURDETT'S COLUMN.

Drugs and Medicines.

W. M. BURDETT,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS,

DYE-STUFFS,

PAINTS, OILS,

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,

&C., &C.

NEAR THE CORNER,

SOUTH-EAST OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

PULASKI, TENN.

PHYSICIAN'S

PRESCRIPTIONS

CAREFULLY PUT UP

DAY OR NIGHT.

Also Constantly on Hand the Best

ARTICLE OF

LIQUORS,

FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Jan 2-6f

1 col.

The Idler.

The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is of no benefit to anybody. He is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of every day life. He stands in our path, and we push him contemptuously aside. He is of no advantage to anybody. He annoys busy men. He makes them unhappy. He is a cipher in society. He may have an income to support him in idleness, or he may "sponge" on his good natured friends. But in either case he is despised. Young man, do something in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world. Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourself. Do not be idle. God's law is that the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread. That law is a good one, and the bread we earn is sweet. Do not be idle. Minutes are too precious to be squandered thoughtlessly. Every man and every woman, however exalted or however humble, can do good in this short life, if so inclined; therefore do not be idle.

Joking.

It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions, had better not joke at all.

A GENTLEMAN never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good manners nor wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is to say, to make anyone uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh.

Old Aesop, who was doubtless the subject of many a gibe on account of his humped back, tells the whole story in his fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." What was fun to the youngsters was death to the croakers.

A jest may cut deeper than a curse.—Some men are so constituted that they cannot take even a friendly joke in good part, and instead of repaying it in the same light coin, will requite it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, for he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the sake of entering a smart double entendre or a tart repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a perilous weapon. Satire, however, when leveled at social follies and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

"Poor White Trash."

An idea prevails, almost universally, among us at the North, says the New York Citizen, that the poor people of the South were termed by the rich, or "chivalry" of that section, "poor white trash," which is altogether erroneous.

The slaves, curiously enough, considered themselves better off than the poor whites of the South, because they were provided for by their masters, and they seldom found themselves in abject destitution and poverty, such as sometimes prevailed among many of the lower order of whites. They therefore looked down upon the poor whites with contempt, and called them "poor white trash." The expression was, therefore, merely a negation.

We make these remarks because President Johnson's father is said by a contemporary to have belonged to the class of "poor white trash," as they say the "chivalry" of the South used to call them. Notwithstanding that disability, his son Andrew, succeeded in elevating himself before the war, to a position seldom attained by men of any class, in the United States, and his father's poverty was no more a bar to his success as a statesman than was the indigence of John Jacob Astor an obstacle to his becoming the richest man in the country.

A Lady's Sketch of the Prison Life of Mr. Davis.

The Abbeville Banner has been permitted to make the following extracts from a letter which gives some interesting information concerning the President of the late Confederate States. The letter, which was written without any idea of publication, is in the familiar style of a friend deeply impressed with the truth of the subject of which she writes, imparting in almost every sentence a sense of that deep sympathy which all the women and men of the late Confederate States feel for the illustrious captive. But to the extracts:

"My friend, Mrs. B. (Mrs. Davis' niece) wrote me she was going to Fortress Monroe, and invited me to join her. Not receiving her letter in time to meet her, we followed her to Fortress Monroe, and after some little diplomacy got permission to enter, and spend the day (the 4th of July). We had the happiness of seeing, listening to and dining with our illustrious President—illustrious by his misfortunes, his talents, his high position and his many virtues, which shine more resplendent in this day of gloom.

Dr. Cooper, like Dr. Craven, is enthusiastic in his praise of him, says that it is impossible to entrain him into one word of bitterness or impatience towards his enemies, and shows himself greater in his

magnanimity, his patience and gentleness, his wonderful self-control under petty slights and indignities, than in the days of his power in the Confederacy. We saw him first walking freely across the parade from his look-up to the casemate where his wife lived, the nurse and baby by his side, his emaciated figure and tottering step telling the tale of hardships and ill-treatment. Presently we followed him, and not one of us but kissed the emaciated hands which he held out to welcome us, wetting them with our tears. He talks pleasantly, but with difficulty, his voice is so weak, and every hour they give him a teaspoonful of brandy, and he lies down often to rest his back.

"I could understand the temptation to Dr. Craven to set down his conversation, so wonderful is it, so pointed, so strong and so forcible, every sentence so concentrated as to seem the very essence of wisdom. I found out through Mrs. B. and Dr. Cooper his opinion of Dr. Craven's book; it is not reliable.

"He says he is often misrepresented and oftener misunderstood, not that he thinks Dr. Craven would falsify wilfully, but Col. Halpine, who wrote the book for Craven, has garbled the conversation to suit his own views and wishes. Col. Halpine was on Gen. Hunter's staff, hence he makes Mr. Davis guilty of the inconsistency of saying 'Hunter was his model of a soldier.'—Whereas, Mr. Davis said in our presence, 'Hunter is simply a brute. In our early days we were much associated, and I thought him conscientious, though a fanatic; but he is entirely changed since then.'

"While Mr. Davis rested we were taken to see his apartment in Carroll Hall, which is precisely like apartments occupied by lions and tigers in a menagerie. The back is closed and three sides of iron bars, and great padlocks. Before these bars three guards walk, gazing at him, waking, sleeping, washing, dressing; not even a curtain to protect him. At 9 o'clock, A. M. he is let out, and at sunset the trumpet sounds, his guard appears, and he is locked in a cage. A bright light from two lamps blaze in his face, which, with the challenging of the passers by, the changing of the sentinels every two hours, effectually keep him awake.

He walks out to the ramparts from 5 to 6 P. M., Mrs. Davis and B. supporting him. When the signal sounds for the lock-up and the guard appears, he says never a word, but turns from his companions with a look of so much agony, mingled with fortitude, as is heart-rending to witness.

"The most touching sight I ever witnessed was to see him lift his emaciated hands and say grace, thanking God for all His mercies."

Paragraph for Girls.

The Charleston Courier says, a few months since, there was wedded to a fair, but alas! too confiding daughter of a highly esteemed and respectable citizen of one of our interior towns, a Northern man, who claimed formerly to have been an officer in the Federal army. The married life of the happy pair appears to have glided along smoothly and pleasantly until at an inauspicious moment a third party steps upon the stage, and immediately transforms quiet and bliss to discontent and bitterness. The perfidious and brutal husband was confronted by another wife, who, having heard of his infamous conduct, had arrived from the North to institute inquiries and satisfy herself as to the truth or falsity of the reports which reached her. To her anguish and sorrow she found that the statements were indeed true. The affair has created quite a feeling in the District, and how it will end remains to be seen.

And the Macon Messenger, after stating that it has heard of several such cases in Georgia, very properly insists that the moral they teach is one which common sense alone should convey without the cost of mortifying experience—a woman should know all about the history and character of a man she thinks of marrying. If he hails from abroad, it is the plain business of her parents or next of kin to make proper inquiries at the place where he has resided; and it is the duty of the party himself to furnish reference about which there can be no dispute. If he declines to do so, the presumption naturally arises that all is not right. That anybody should suffer daughter or sister to contract a matrimonial alliance upon the mere unsupported representations of the suitor—assurances upon which in fact few of them would loan any considerable sum of money, is a strange and culpable piece of negligence and carelessness. Yet the number of these bogus marriages in the South, since peace, has been great.

He who maintains the right, though countenanced by the few, must forego all expectations of popularity till there shall be less to censure than applaud in human conduct; and, when this is the case, the millennium will have dawned.

Choose always the way that seems best, how rough soever it may appear. When you have become accustomed to that way, it will be easy and agreeable.

For the Pulaski Citizen.

Alice and Florence.

Alice and Florence—sound them together,
The two are suggestive of musical strains;
A song of sweet softness—the one with the other,
A Kathleen Mavourneen of beautiful names.

Thoughtful and pensive, Alice is ever,
Many a castle she builds in her dreams;
Florence is winsome, reflecting, no never,
Living alone in to-day's bright beams.

Alice's eyes are blue as the Heavens,
Tender and dreamlike—dreamy to tears;
Florence's eyes are hazel and sparkling,
And look love to eyes that look love to hers.

Alice's heart might love with devotion,
Still her soft eye would be calm and blue;
Florence's soul might feel the emotion,
And wild flashing eyes would tell the tale true.

Alice reminds me of some fair Athenian,
Gazing at Heaven and counting the spheres;
Florence a Venetian—glides o'er the waters,
And mingles her laugh with the gay Gondolier's.

Alice's song by the sad, silent moonlight,
Entrances the soul and mounts to the skies;
When fair Florence sings, the glories of Eden,
Are not more resplendent than Earth's Paradise.

Alice loves moonlight, and murmuring waters,
Romantic, wild music, or tearful and sad;
Florence is more real—the Orchestra music,
The ball-room of fashion, makes her heart glad.

Vesuvius—the tempest—the deep pealing thunder,
The wild roaring ocean—the Aurora Borealis;
The melancholy Vespers—the tomb-stones' inscriptions
These charm the soul of the beautiful Alice. [don,

Festivity—fashion—sweet clusters of roses,
Fascinating manners—a comely appearance;
Life's spices—love poetry—a little coquetry,
These win the heart of the hazel-eyed Florence.

Alice and Florence. Two "dazzling rare jewels,"
Two sets in a ring of purified gold,
Absorbing life's sorrows—reflecting its brightness,
Alice and Florence? the critic's tale's told.

E---o.

Soliloquy of a Radical Member of Congress.

BY BRICK POMEROY.

Three thousand dollars a year.

And mileage.
And stealings!
And—well that is enough!

It is but little I know of legislation—or of laws—or of the Constitution. And it is less that I care. The people have, like the soul of blessed John Brown, marched on from statesmanship to intolerance and exasperation, and any fool will make a good abolition member of Congress if he has—

Plenty of lip—
Can abuse Democrats—
Is good at stealing—
Will legislate to protect bond holders and aid to make poor men poorer; and believes in depriving eleven Southern States of representation—to please six New England States.

The people went crazy for the negro. They grew tired of law—of order—of prosperity—of peace—of national unity—of happiness.

They wanted to try something new, and of course I am the man to aid the people, if I can make a few dollars by it.

I was elected by an easy people—was sent here to legislate. The time was when members of Congress required brains—that day has passed. Once, men of ability, statesmen and high-minded national men were wanted for this business, but that day has passed.

We live for agitation. We live for private ends and aims. We legislate for those who pay us best. We must do this, for unless we have such paymasters, how can we live and indulge in all manner of extravagance? What do I care for the people?—The people care nothing for me! It is but a few years I can live—but a very few if I indulge in Washington habits.

Legislators once worked for the interests of the country. But that was Democratic. Whatever is Democratic is wrong. The Bible is Democratic—it advises peace on earth, and good will to all men. This is where Bible and I differ. I don't care a farthing whether my country is at peace or not. The idea of National prosperity of country's greatness is a novelty to my brain. Posterity may take care of itself—my pockets are what engages my attention.

If I can retain my seat and secure reelection it is all I want. The North says it hates the South. I hate the South. If the North loved the South there would be no trouble about representation. New England hates the South. New England money controls me—New England brains manage Western men—New England bond holders own the Government, and they are my special patrons.

What do I care for the people? I say damn the people—damn the poor people—they have no business to be poor. Let the poor people hold bonds as the rich ones do, and then those who are poorer yet than the poor people will have all the taxes to pay. Old style legislation protected rich and poor alike. Damn the old style. This is an age of progress. New ideas—new Constitution—new amendments and new bureau for the niggers, and labor and taxation for the poor white men. But I am not poor, so let the tiger loose. I am a member of Congress—a title-page of an abolition volume—a shining political light for the God and morality party which professes to love peace and good will, yet votes for just such bawling Union haters as I am to represent them in Congress.

And that innocent country constituency

of mine! How those pious and moral men who voted for me attend divine service—pray in meeting—quote scripture and prate of universal love! And while they are doing that, I am carousing about Washington—playing cards, faro, keno, vingt-un, cochine, roulette, &c., &c., drinking wine and spending my nights in places where my respectable constituents dare not visit except on the sly. I draw my salary, vote for my friends, and this amusement is dignified by the name of legislation! Well, if the people are satisfied with this mount-bankism, I am the man to represent them till I can feather my own nest and have a few years dissipation.

The White House and its Associations.

A correspondent of the Richmond Times writes as follows:

"Yesterday we rode through the estate of Gen. William Henry F. Lee, son of Gen. Robert E. Lee. This is the large tract of land known to history as the 'White House.' It lies South of the Pamunkey river, and contains about five thousand acres of first class land.

In June, 1862, when the grand cavalry reconnaissance was made in rear of McClellan's army, a battle was fought on this farm between Gen. Stuart's command and some Federal infantry, stationed here to guard commissary and quartermaster supplies. The Federals, in this engagement, were forced to beat a hasty retreat to their gunboats, leaving many of their dead behind. Only a small portion of this farm was under cultivation last year. Gen. W. H. F. Lee, immediately after the unfortunate termination of events, pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and 'pitched in' like a good fellow. Noble example! What a withering rebuke to those young men who throw away their time in fruitless searches after soft positions, such as clerkships, drummers and so on! The owner of five thousand acres of the best land in the State, the dashing and gallant Cavalry officer, the accomplished scholar, the thorough gentleman, the trained soldier, in short, the son of Robert E. Lee, is not ashamed to walk between the plow handles!

Gen. Lee's present residence is a small cabin, recently built. It stands in a clump of trees near the river bank, about one mile below the ruins of the 'White House.' He has no family, having lost his wife and children during the war. Previous to the building of the cabin, the General slept out on the ground. His table, 'so-called,' is supplied with soldier's fare.

A few chimneys standing near the river bank, is all that is now left of the White House. Nay, no fall; a thousand memories linger around those burnt chimneys—memories of the good, the brave and the great.

Many years ago, in the good old time of knee buckles, there lived here a fair and comely widow. Possessed of personal beauty, winning manners and rare mental accomplishments; reared in the lap of wealth, the daughter of a courtly gentleman, she was a woman well worthy to wear a matron's crown. Chief among her many admirers, was a tall, fine looking young man from Westmoreland county.—Nature had stamped greatness upon his countenance, while a loving mother had woven the garland of truth around his soul. He loved the gentle widow—the gentle widow loved him. How he wooed and won her in her river home; what whispered words of endearment passed from mouth and ear, as, hand in hand, they walked where then the 'vernal flowers purpled all the ground,' but where now the ashes lie—let those old chimneys tell—not I. They made love—made it, I venture, pretty much in the same foolish way young people do now. For love, after all, is to the emotional world what carbon is to the material; it never loses its identity. It is the same thing to-day it was yesterday; it is the same thing to-day that it will be to-morrow.

George Washington loved the widow Custis—the widow Custis loved George Washington—and the old folks offering no objection, they were married 'in the usual way.' The burnt chimneys might say.

"We saw two clouds at morning
Tinged by the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
We thought the morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west."

The marriage ceremony was performed by an Episcopal minister in St. Peter's Church. This ancient building may still be seen by the curious traveler some two miles south of the ruins of the White House. Up to the commencement of the late war, it was a neat little country chapel dedicated to the living God, where the neighboring planters had been wont for more than a century to assemble, Sabbath after Sabbath, to listen to the words of 'holy writ,' and sing praises to the Lord God of Israel. But during the war a set of miserable scoundrels attached to the Federal army violated this holy sanctuary; defacing the walls with obscene pencil sketches, breaking to pieces the tablet whereon was inscribed the marriage of Gen. Washington to Mrs. Custis, and so mutilating the building as to render it unfit for divine service."

When a man is saddled with a bad wife, there are sure to be stir-ups in the family.